

GARRISON, Wm. Lloyd

DRAWER 103

REFORMERS

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# Abraham Lincoln and Reformers

William Lloyd Garrison

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
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A faint, large watermark of the Lincoln Memorial is visible in the background. The memorial is a classical structure with a tall central column and a balcony-like upper level. The text is centered over this watermark.

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meek only in the sense in which Moses was meek, and wielding, fearlessly as Moses, the terrors of the Lord ; it was he and his immediate followers who made the antislavery voters that presently passed, rather against his will, into the army of political organization, and yet constantly came back to him for stimulus and strength. That army of voters it was which at last, multiplying in numbers, gave Lincoln and freedom to the nation ; but it was Garrison, from beginning to end, who kept the most important recruiting-station.

He will, therefore, always stand, like Luther, as the personification of an epoch ; and while slavery was doubtless overthrown at last by the carnal weapons that he deprecated, yet

the force which guided those weapons will be forever identified with him. The group of remarkable men and women under his leadership — a group in which Wendell Phillips was the most gifted, while George Thompson was the most brilliant foreign ally — was said by the English Earl of Carlisle to be engaged in a contest "without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism." More fortunate than most leaders, Garrison lived to see the final downfall of the wrong against which he fought ; and the struggling victim of the mob of half a century ago will soon sit enthroned in monumental bronze, as one of the recognized heroes of Massachusetts.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

*C. W. H. 1881*

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S ORIGIN AND EARLY LIFE.

### HIS ANCESTORS.

THE scenic glories of the River St. John, New Brunswick, are well past on the ascent when, on the right, the obscure outlet of the Jemseg is reached. Along the lowland margin from the Jemseg to the Nashwaak stretched, in the middle of the last century, a feeble line of French Acadian settlers. A couple of hundred souls were still clustered at the trading station of St. Ann's (now Fredericton) when, in the summer of 1761, Israel Perley, of Boxford, Essex County, Massachusetts, and a handful of companions, triumphing over the wilderness between Machias and the St. John, looked from the mouth of the Oromocto down over the gleaming waters and woody plains of this romantic region. Perley had been sent out by the Governor of Massachusetts (Bernard) on an exploring expedition. His report to his neighbors in praise of these alluvial prairies must have produced a sort of "Western fever" among them. Many of his listeners had no doubt served in the Nova Scotia campaigns against the French which culminated in the capture of Louisburg in 1758, followed by that of Quebec in 1759, and the British occupation of the St. John as far as the Nashwaak, and were already aware of the natural advantages of the territory.

The first Essex County migration to Nova Scotia (as New Brunswick was then called) took place in the spring of 1763. The following spring brought a reinforcement of colonists. The settlement now embraced families, more or less connected with each other, from Rowley, Boxford, Byfield, Ipswich, Marblehead, and adjacent towns, among whom the Perleys, Stickneys, Palmers, Bur-

pees, Barkers, Esteys, Hartts, and Peabodys were prominent in numbers or in influence. On October 31, 1765, the district having been officially surveyed by Charles Morris, sixty-five heads of families, resident or represented, were granted Tract No. 109 in Sunbury County. This tract, in the parish of Maugerville and Sheffield, known as the Maugerville Grant, and twelve miles square, extended from the head of Oromocto Island to the foot of Mauger's Island, and had been partially cleared by the Acadians. The twenty-second name on the list of grantees, for five hundred acres, was that of Joseph Garrison ; the twenty-fourth that of his father-in-law, Daniel Palmer.

Daniel Palmer was great-grandson of Sergeant John Palmer (who, as a youth of seventeen, is reported to have come to Rowley in 1639) by a second wife, Margaret Northend. On the side of his mother, Mary Stickney, he was great-grandson of William Stickney, founder of that family in this country, and of Captain Samuel Brocklebank, who was slain, with nearly all his command, by the Indians at Sunbury, in King Philip's War. Born at Rowley in 1712, Daniel Palmer married in 1736 Elizabeth Wheeler, of Chebacco. He is yet remembered by close tradition as "a powerful man, of great muscular strength. Before he left for the east the Indians were troublesome, and there were three secreted in a house in Old Town, and no one dared pursue them. But he was fearless, and entered the house, where he opened a chamber window, and one by one he threw them out, regardless of life or limb, as though they were so many straws." Six children survived to him, and the two oldest girls were married, when removal to the St. John was determined on. Leaving

*C. W. H. 1881*

these behind, he took with him his third daughter, Mary (born January 19th, 1741, in Byfield), and his three sons, and joined the company of townsfolk and kinsmen who were to plant a Puritan settlement on the banks of the St. John.

There is no evidence that Joseph Garrison was of this number. All that can now be learned about him warrants the belief that he was an Englishman, who was found upon the spot by the second, if not already by the first, immigrants from Rowley. We know positively that on his thirtieth birthday, August 14th, 1764, he was married to Daniel Palmer's daughter, Mary. Sabine, who, with doubtful propriety, includes Joseph Garrison in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," styles him "of Massachusetts"; but the name has not been met with in that State before the present century by the most diligent searchers of her archives. His comparatively early death will account for the diversity of traditions in regard to him among his own descendants, the most trustworthy of which is that he was not a native of the colonies, but of the mother country.

Five children had been born to Joseph and Mary Garrison, the youngest, Abijah, being an infant in arms—say in the spring of 1774—when the mother started in a boat down the river to pay her father a visit, taking her babe with her, and a lad who lived in the family.

"The river was clear of ice when she started, and she apprehended no danger. Long before she got to her journey's end, the ice broke further up the river and came down with such force against her boat as to break it badly, and compel her to exchange it for an ice-cake, which was driven ashore by a larger piece of ice. Like a mother, she wrapped her babe in all the clothes she could spare, and threw him into the snow on the shore. By the aid of a willow limb which overhung the river, she and the lad saved themselves. She took up her babe unharmed. As she was wandering in the woods, without guide or path, she saw the smoke from an Indian hut, and on going to it found there an Indian who knew her father. He entertained her with his best words and deeds, and the next morning conducted her safely to her father's."

This babe was the father of William Lloyd Garrison. It was not quite three years old when the progress of revolt in the colonies had infected the New England settlers on the St. John, and impelled them to a manifesto, issued at Maugerville on May 21, 1776, antedating the Declaration of Independence, imbued with the same spirit, "and, considering their insulated locality, and the vicinity to the old and well-fortified towns in possession of an English army and navy, . . . remarkably bold."

The record is silent as to the three or four residents of Maugerville who refused to subscribe to the resolves and the appeal to Massa-

chusetts for relief. It may be conjectured, however, that Joseph Garrison was one of these, having as his first motive his English birth, and the want of those New England connections which might else have made liberty to him also "that dearest of names"; and perhaps, as his second, his better sense of the hopelessness of such an unsupported outpost maintaining itself against the authority of the mother country. Mr. Sabine found Joseph's descendants admitting his loyalty, and we may suppose him to have been temporarily ostracized, according to the terms of the vote, on account of his standing aloof from the almost unanimous action of his neighbors. At all events, it required no little independence of character to incur the popular resentment; and this trait may have been inherited by his grandson as well as the spirit of the declaration of resistance to tyranny which Daniel Palmer subscribed.

His isolation, however, except in public sentiment, lasted hardly more than a year. Despite the good-will and assistance of Massachusetts, before a project of fortifying the mouth of the St. John could be carried out, in May, 1777, the British sloop *Vulture*, fourteen guns, from Halifax (a vessel afterwards famous for having been the refuge of Benedict Arnold on the discovery of his treason), sailed up the river with troops, and, as was reported in Machias on the 29th, compelled the settlers to take the oath of allegiance to his British Majesty. Many were robbed of their all; some were carried away. A vain attempt to reverse this was made by a Massachusetts expedition in the following month. Boston was too far away; Halifax was too near. Submission was unavoidable; but time never reconciled all of the inhabitants to the separation from their kindred in the old Massachusetts home, and their regrets have been handed down to their posterity. Shut off from further increase by immigration from the original hive, they could only perpetuate their numbers by intermarriage; and the tourist on the St. John to-day finds in Sunbury County not only familiar New England names, but perhaps as unmixed a Puritan stock as exists on the continent.

Of Joseph Garrison, except that he died at Jemseg in February, 1783, we know nothing more that is eventful. He passed for a disappointed man. Besides the strong-mindedness already indicated, there is no salient feature to distinguish the founder of the line. His children, in a settlement deprived of every literary and social advantage, proved exceptionally intelligent. They educated themselves with the slenderest facilities—learned the art of navigation, became teachers. "They did not accumulate much," says the local tradition,

"but they always left friends behind them." A fondness for music and natural aptitude for giving instruction in it have also been manifested in Joseph's posterity, among whom it has been handed down that he used to play the fiddle.

Mary Palmer Garrison long survived her husband, dying in 1822. In her later years her home was on the Jemseg with her son Silas, who cultivated the farm now shown as the Garrison homestead. At the time of her death she had been for many years the widow of Robert Angus. She is remembered late in life as a jolly sort of person,—portly, with round face and fair hair, of a sanguine temperament, and a great favorite with children, whom she amused with quaint stories. From her there ran in the veins of her offspring the emigrant Puritan blood of Palmer, Northend, Hunt, Redding, Stickney, Brocklebank, Wheeler, and other (unnamable) stirpes.

By her, Joseph Garrison became the father of nine children. The fifth in order, Abijah, must occupy our attention, to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters. He was born June 18, 1773, on the Jemseg, and named for his uncle Palmer. Except the romantic incident of his babyhood, already related, his early history is a blank. He alone of the family followed the sea. He became eventually a captain, and made many voyages, with his cousin Abijah Palmer as mate. His son, William Lloyd, who had no personal recollection of him, thus summed up the traditions in regard to Abijah Garrison :

"I was probably not more than three years old when he took his final leave of my mother. I remember vaguely to have been told that he had a fine physical development, a sanguine temperament, a bald head and a reddish beard, with a very noticeable scar on his face, a birth-mark; that he was very genial and social in his manners, kind and affectionate in his disposition, and ever ready to assist the suffering and needy; that he had a good theoretical and practical knowledge of navigation, and as a master of a vessel made many voyages coastwise and to the West Indies; and that he had a strong taste for reading, and evinced some literary talent. There is no doubt that his love for my mother was almost romantic; and it is questionable, when he deserted her, if he meant the separation to be final."

Romantic love had a romantic beginning. By some chance of coast navigation, Abijah found himself on Deer Island, N. B., in Passamaquoddy Bay (waters called Quoddy, for short), at a religious evening meeting. Here his eyes fell upon a strikingly beautiful young woman dressed in a blue habit. At the close of the services he followed her to the door, and boldly asked leave to accompany her home, accosting her, for want of her real name, as "Miss Bluejacket." Her reply was a rebuff. Nevertheless, Abijah lost no time in sending

her a letter, which, it is safe to say, surpassed in literary graces any she had ever received; and her reply confirmed a correspondence which ended infallibly in matrimony.

Frances Maria Lloyd was the daughter—one of a large family of children—of Andrew Lloyd, a native of Kinsale, County Munster, Ireland (about 1752). He came out to the province of Nova Scotia in 1771, as a 'prentice bound to the captain of the ship which also brought over John Lawless, an Englishman, who had been a sergeant under Wolfe at Quebec; his wife Catherine, said to have been a native of Limerick, Ireland; and their only daughter, Mary, who was certainly born there. The 'prentice is believed to have improved his time so well on the voyage that, young as they both were, he married Mary Lawless the day after they had landed on the island of Campobello. Andrew became a so-called branch (*i. e.*, commissioned) pilot at Quoddy, and died suddenly in the service in the year 1813. His wife, whom he survived, though not long, was reputed the first person buried on Deer Island, and on this unfertile but picturesque and fascinating spot Fanny Lloyd was born in 1776, and became the belle of the family.

"She was of a tall majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich that, when she unbound it, like that of Godiva of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic nature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great: he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a precept of hers was ever lost—his young heart treasured up all, unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action.

"To illustrate the conscientious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighborhood where she lived that one of these despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff one remained to pray; this was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spake kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind. She would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that de-

spised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not matter of choice but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated — she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much.\*

The date of Abijah Garrison's marriage is uncertain, except that it was nearly at the close of the last century, and on the 12th day of December. The place of the ceremony is equally unknown; neither has it been ascertained where was the first home of the young couple. Not improbably it may have been among the husband's relatives on the Jemseg, and here perhaps was born a daughter who died in infancy. In 1801 they were settled in Duke street, St. John, where a son, James Holley, was born to them, and possibly also a second daughter. Subsequently they removed to Granville, Nova Scotia, in the neighborhood of Fanny's sister Nancy (Mrs. Delap).

On April 4, 1805, Abijah announces in these words to his mother and stepfather his intention to return to the old home of the Puritan settlers on the St. John — to Essex County, Massachusetts:

"This perhaps is the last you may Expect from me dated at Granville, as I am about to remove to Newbury Port in the United States, Where I Expect to Spend the remainder of my days. I have been following the Rule of false Position, or rather permutation, these Seven Last years, and have never been able to Solve the Question to my Satisfaction till now. Not that I am disaffected towards Government, but the barrenness of these Eastern Climates rather Obliges me to seek the welfare of my family in a more hospitable Climate, where I shall be less expos'd to the Ravages of war and stagnation of business, which is severely felt in Nova Scotia. The Prohibition of the American trade may in time help this Country, but from want of circulating Cash this Country will long lay bound in Extreme difficulties and Perpetual Law-suits. [The] last winter was attended with distress among a great number of Poor people in this Place. The scarcity of bread and all kind of vegetables was too well known in this Part of Nova Scotia, the Great Drought Last summer Cut off all the farmers Expectations, and People in general Experienc'd the want of hay Equal to that of Bread; the smiling spring has at last return'd but brings nothing with it as yet substantial for the present support of Man. I speak not this of myself, but of many of my Neighbours; I thank God I have a Competency at present, but the times forbode greater distress ahead. I have in the Conclusion settled my Business here and am now about to remove."

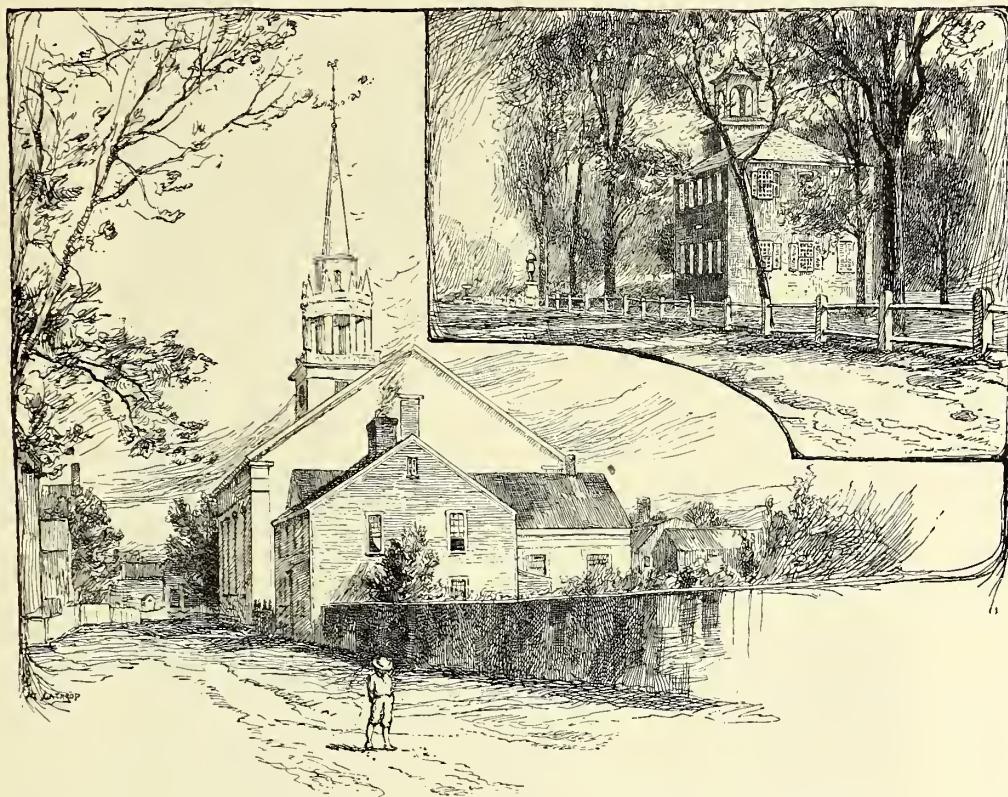
\* As Mr. Garrison, on his visit to England in 1846, must have furnished Mary Howitt with these facts in regard to his mother, they are reproduced here (from the "People's Journal" of September 12, 1846) as more authentic than any later recollections could have been.

The same Providence by which slavers made their impious voyages in safety attended the ship from Nova Scotia to Newburyport in the spring-time of 1805. On the 10th of December, in a little frame house still standing on School street, between the First Presbyterian church, in which Whitefield's remains are interred, and the house in which the great preacher died,— and so in the very bosom of orthodoxy,— a man-child was born to Abijah and Fanny Garrison, and called, after an uncle who subsequently lost his life in Boston Harbor, William Lloyd Garrison.

*Wendell Phillips Garrison.*

#### THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Few men have had a stronger attachment for their birthplace and the home of their youth than William Lloyd Garrison; and the lovely old town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in which he spent the first twenty-one years of his life, was ever dear to him. As a boy, barefoot he rolled his hoop through its streets, played at marbles and at bat and ball, swam in the Merrimac in summer and skated on it in winter, and sometimes led the "South-end boys" against the "North-enders" in the numerous conflicts between the youngsters of the two sections. Every spot in the town had its associations for him: the little school-house on the Mall in which he obtained, in six months, all the grammar-school education he ever had; the wharves on which, with his comrades, he used to "sample" the West India molasses just landed; the modest house on School street in which he was born and spent his earliest years; the many dwellings which he was wont freely to visit, and which looked so unchanged, fifty years afterwards, that it seemed to him as if the familiar faces of their former inmates must greet him if he again entered their doors; Chain Bridge, on the road to Amesbury, which was regarded almost as an eighth wonder of the world when it was built, and was pictured in the geographies of that day, as the Brooklyn Bridge may be in the latest school-books; the suburb of Belleville, where he went to singing-school in company with "lots of boys and pretty girls," and first learned "Wicklow" and other good old hymns; and last, but not least, the "Herald" office on State street, in which he served his long seven years' apprenticeship as a printer. He seldom visited the town without climbing its stairs, and he liked to tell how it was owing



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWBURYPORT.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. C. REED AND H. P. MACINTOSH. DRAWN BY WILLIAM LATHROP.)

to his fondness for Newburyport, and his insupportable homesickness on two or three occasions when he was sent elsewhere to seek a livelihood, that he ever came to learn the printing business, and to master the weapon which enabled him to carry on his thirty years' warfare against American slavery.

He was less than three years old when his mother found herself left, by the desertion of her husband, with three young children to support,—the oldest a boy of seven and the youngest an infant daughter but a few weeks old. Up to that time she had enjoyed such exuberant health that she was wont to say that "only a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Garrison"; but though she resolutely set herself to the task of maintaining herself and her little ones, the blow of this desertion was one from which she never recovered, and it shadowed the remaining years of her life. The struggle for existence became a severe and bitter one. The day of Newburyport's prosperity had passed, and the years of the embargo and of the war of 1812 brought disaster and ruin to its business and commerce. It was no easy

matter, therefore, to find the remunerative employment which would feed so many mouths. The little house in School street still afforded them shelter, thanks to the sisterly devotion of its owner and occupant, Martha Farnham, who assured them that while she had a roof to cover her they should share it. When circumstances permitted, Mrs. Garrison took up the calling of a monthly nurse, and during her necessary occasional absences from home the children were under the motherly care of their "Aunt Farnham." When Lloyd (as he was always called) was older, his mother used to send him, on election and training days, to sell the nice sticks of molasses candy which she was an adept in making, and he thus earned a few pennies towards the common support.

With all her sorrow at heart, his mother maintained her cheerful and courageous demeanor. She had a fine voice—"one of the best," her son was wont to say—and was ever singing at her work; and in the Baptist church meetings, at which she and Martha Farnham were constant and devoted attendants (some-



FROM SWAIN'S PORTRAIT OF GARRISON WHEN YOUNG.

times opening their own house for an evening gathering), she sang with fervor the soul-stirring hymns which have been the inspiration and delight of the devout for generations. She was mirthful, too, and possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous.

During the war of 1812 she went to Lynn to pursue her vocation, taking James, her favorite son, a boy of much beauty and promise, with her, that he might learn shoemaking. Little Elizabeth, the daughter, was left in Mrs. Farnham's protecting care, while Lloyd went to live with Deacon Ezekiel Bartlett and family, worthy people and faithful members of the little Baptist church. The good deacon, who was in very humble circumstances, sawed

wood, sharpened saws, made lasts, and even sold apples from a little stand at his door, to win a subsistence for his family; and Lloyd, who was an exemplary and conscientious boy, and warmly attached to his kind friends, dutifully tried to earn his board and do all he could to lighten their burden of poverty.

During their mother's absence in Lynn the children heard frequently from her by letter, and Lloyd was able to write to her in reply. Her little notes to him were full of tender affection, and earnest hope that he would be a good and dutiful boy. Already her health and strength were beginning to fail under her arduous struggle to maintain herself and her children, and her inability

now to do continuous work made it all the more imperative that they should learn trades that would enable them to become self-supporting. So Lloyd was brought to Lynn to learn shoemaking, and was apprenticed to Gamaliel W. Oliver, an excellent man and a member of the Society of Friends, who lived on Market street, and had his work-shop in the yard adjoining his house. There the little boy, who was only nine years old, and so small that his fellow-workmen called him "not much bigger than a last," toiled for several months until he could make a tolerable shoe, to his great pride and delight. He was much too young and small for his task, however, and it soon became evident that he lacked the strength to pursue the work.

In October, 1815, Mrs. Garrison removed to Baltimore, where she spent the remaining years of her life, pursuing her calling as nurse until disabled by a painful disease, which caused her long helplessness and suffering before death brought a merciful release. Her two boys accompanied her; but James, soon tiring of the shoemaker's bench, ran away and took to the sea, and Lloyd became so homesick for Newburyport that his mother, unable to find employment for him in Baltimore, permitted him to return to Deacon Bartlett's care. He again did what a small boy of ten or eleven years could towards earning his board, and obtained a little more (and what proved to be his final) schooling at the South Grammar-school. He was very happy in this, and in returning to the only place that had ever seemed like home to him; but his poor mother missed him sorely, and as no situation could be found for him in Newburyport, she proposed, at the end of a year, that he should return to Baltimore. Her hope of securing a place for him there, however, was disappointed.

After a time Lloyd was apprenticed to Moses Short, a cabinet-maker at Haverhill, Massachusetts, who took the boy into his family and treated him with much kindness. The work was not unpleasant to him, and he soon learned to make a toy bureau and helped at veneering; but his old homesickness for Newburyport seized him, and he became so unhappy that he resolved, at the end of six weeks, to make his escape. Watching his opportunity, one morning when his employer had gone to the shop, he tied his shirt and other worldly possessions in a handkerchief, threw the bundle down among the pumpkin vines from his window, and then going down and recovering it started for home on foot. He had calculated the time it would take him to cross the long bridge, and when the stage-coach came up with him he seized

the rack behind, and ran and swung himself by turns to facilitate his progress. When the stage paused at a stopping-place, he trudged on until it again overtook him, when he repeated the operation, and in this way accomplished several miles. The passengers in the coach, meanwhile, were wondering how so small a lad could keep along with it. But the fugitive was missed at Haverhill, and, as he was wont to tell the story in after years, his employer took a "short" cut by which he saved time and distance over the stage-road, and recaptured his apprentice. He bore him no ill-will, however, and, when Lloyd confessed his homesickness, promised to release him if he would only return to Haverhill and take his leave in a regular and proper manner, that neither of them might be compromised. He kept his word, and Lloyd again took up his abode at Deacon Bartlett's.

Repeated efforts were made to find a situation for him, but without success until the autumn of 1818, when Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the Newburyport (semi-weekly) "Herald," wishing a boy to learn the printer's trade, Lloyd was presented as a candidate for the place and accepted, and, having been duly apprenticed for the usual term of seven years, he entered the office of the "Herald" on the 18th of October, 1818.

The boy had not been many days in the printing-office before he was convinced that he had at last found his right place, but his first feeling was one of discouragement as he watched the rapidity with which the compositors set and distributed the types. "My little heart sank like lead within me," he afterwards said. "It seemed to me that I never should be able to do anything of the kind." He was so short at first that when he undertook to work off proofs, he had to stand on a "fifty-six-pound weight" in order to reach the table. He quickly grew expert and accurate as a compositor, and was much liked and trusted by his master, of whose family he now became a member, as was the custom with apprentices in those days. In course of time he became the foreman of the office, made up the pages of the "Herald," and prepared the forms for the press. He was noted for his rapidity and accuracy as a compositor, his clean proofs, and his taste in job-work, and he was also an excellent pressman on the hand-presses of those days. Throughout his life it was a delight and, as he used to express it, "a positive recreation" to him to manipulate the types; and the last time that he ever handled the composing-stick was in that same "Herald" office just sixty years from the day on which he had first entered it as an apprentice.



GEORGE THOMPSON, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.  
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE (ABOUT 1851) IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. GARRISON'S FAMILY.)

Lloyd early evinced a taste for poetry, and was fond of works of fiction and romance. His favorite poets at that time were Byron, Moore, Pope, Campbell, and Scott, and, over and above all these, Mrs. Hemans, whose writings he knew by heart; and when he subsequently published a paper of his own, there was scarcely an issue which did not contain one of her poems. It was natural that in such a stronghold of the Federalists as Newburyport still was (though the party had ceased to have a national existence), with party feeling throughout the State running so high at each annual election, he should also take an interest in politics and imbibe the prevailing sentiment of his locality, and he became an ardent Federalist. He studied the writings of Junius and Fisher Ames, and was a fervent admirer of Timothy Pickering and Harrison Gray Otis. While yet in his teens he wielded his pen in defense of the two latter when they were under fire, and their political fortunes under a cloud; but his first attempt at writing for the press was not in a political direction. In May, 1822, he wrote in a disguised hand, and sent through the post-office, his first communication to the "Herald," under the *nom de guerre* of "An Old Bachelor." It was entitled "Breach of Marriage Promise," and professed to be the reflections of a bachelor

on reading the recent verdict in a breach-of-promise case in Boston, by which a young man who had "kept company" with a girl for two years, and then refused to marry her, was fined seven hundred and fifty dollars. While freely conceding that any man who had actually broken an express promise should "feel the effects of the law in a heavy degree," he maintained that the very fact of a man's having "kept company with," or paid attention to, one of the opposite sex for a year or two, was not conclusive evidence of a promise or engagement, but rather indicated that he desired to be assured of the wisdom of his choice before taking such a momentous step as matrimony involved; and the "old bachelor" of sixteen then discoursed in this cynical fashion :

"The truth is, however, women in this country are too much idolized and flattered; therefore they are puffed up and inflated with pride and self-conceit. They make the men to crouch, beseech and supplicate, wait upon and do every menial service for them to gain their favor and approbation: they are, in fact, completely subservient to every whim and caprice of these changeable mortals. Women generally feel their importance, and they use it without mercy. For my part, notwithstanding, I am determined to lead the 'single life' and not trouble myself about the ladies."

Lloyd was at work at the case when his master received and opened this youthful

production, and he awaited anxiously the verdict as to its acceptance. It happened to strike Mr. Allen's fancy, and, after reading it aloud for the edification of others in the office, he unsuspectingly handed it to its author to put in type, and it filled nearly a column of the "Herald." Elated by this first success, the boy wrote a second communication in a similar vein, which appeared three days later; and a week after this he furnished a highly imaginative account of a shipwreck, which was so palpably the work of one innocent of the sea and of ships, that it is rather surprising that it was accepted; but the editor was probably equally innocent, if many of his seafaring patrons and readers were not.

The signature appended to this article was abbreviated to the initials A. O. B.,\* over which most of his subsequent articles for the "Herald" were written. He still, and for nearly the whole of the ensuing year, concealed his authorship, although his master was so well pleased with the communications of his unknown correspondent that he wrote him through the post-office, requesting him to continue them, and expressing a desire for an interview with him!

To his mother alone did Lloyd confide his secret, and she received it with mingled pride and misgiving, as appears by the following letter, dated July 1, 1822:

"I have had my mind exercised on your account, and please to let me know the particulars in your next. You write me word that you have written some pieces for the 'Herald.' Anonymous writers generally draw the opinion of the publick on their writing, and frequently are lampoon'd by others. If Mr. Allen approves of it, why, you have nothing to fear, but I hope you consulted him on the publication of them. I am pleased, myself, with the idea, provided that nothing wrong should result from it. You must write me one of your pieces, so that I can read [it] on one side of your letter, and I will give you my opinion whether you are an old bachelor, or whether you are A. O. B., as A may stand for Ass, and O for Oaf, and B for Block-head. Adieu, my dear. You will think your Mother is quizzing. Your dear Mother until death."

Lloyd continued his anonymous communications to the "Herald," discussing successively South American affairs, Massachusetts politics (supporting Garrison Gray Otis for Governor against Mr. Eustis, the successful Democratic candidate), and the state of Europe,—this last in three articles remarkably well written for a boy of seventeen.

In the previous month of December (1822) Mr. Allen had gone to Mobile for the winter, leaving Lloyd in charge of the office, while Caleb Cushing attended to the editorial con-

duct of the "Herald," and it was the latter who now first discovered that the author of these and previous articles under the same signature was no other than Mr. Allen's senior apprentice. He instantly commended and encouraged him, lending him books, and calling attention editorially to the papers on Europe. It is probable that the boy's interest in foreign affairs was largely due to Mr. Cushing himself, who had written at the beginning of the year a series of articles for the "Herald," giving a résumé of the political situation and outlook at home and abroad. In a letter written to his mother in May, 1823, Lloyd gives this account of his year's performances as a writer for the press:

"Since I have received your letter, my time has been swallowed up in turning author. I have written in the 'Herald' three long political pieces under the caption of 'Our Next Governor,' and the signature of 'One of the People,'—rather a great signature, to be sure, for such a small man as myself. But vain were the efforts of the friends and disciples of Washington, the true Federal Republicans of Massachusetts; Democracy has finally triumphed over correct principles, and this State may expect to see the scenes of 1811-12 revived in all their blighting influences;—may they be as short-lived as they were at that period. You will undoubtedly smile at my turning politician at the age of *eighteen*, but, 'true 'tis,' and (*perhaps*) 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' and I cannot but help smiling myself at the thought. I have likewise published another political communication under the same signature. Besides these, I have written three other communications under the head of 'A Glance at Europe'—analyzing the present state of political affairs between Spain and the Holy Alliance—and which called forth a very handsome notice of the same from Mr. Cushing, the Editor of the 'Herald.'—But I am at last discovered to be the author, notwithstanding my utmost endeavors to let it remain a secret. It is now but partially known, however, and has created no little sensation in town—so that I have concluded to write no more at present.

"Thus you perceive, my dear mother, that my leisure moments have been usefully and wisely employed;—usefully, because it is beneficial in cultivating the seeds of improvement in my breast, and expanding the intellectual powers and faculties of my mind; wisely, because it has kept me from wasting time in that dull, senseless, insipid manner, which generally characterizes giddy youths. It is now about one year since I commenced writing for the 'Herald,' and in that time I have written about fifteen communications. When I peruse them over, I feel absolutely astonished at the different subjects which I have discussed, and the style in which they are written. Indeed, it is altogether a matter of surprise that I have met with such signal success, seeing I do not understand *one single rule of grammar*, and having a very inferior education.—But enough of my scribblings, in all conscience, for the present, to something that is more important and interesting."

Circumstances now arose to prevent Lloyd's writing further for the press for a considerable period. In September, 1822, his sister Elizabeth had died in Baltimore, leaving the mother

\* Experts in the tender passion will readily discern in "A. O. B.'s" pretensions of frigidity a rather susceptible temperament.

bereft and desolate; and as the spring of 1823 advanced, disease had made such inroads upon her that she became conscious that she could not long survive. She accordingly sent an earnest appeal to Mr. Allen to allow her son to make her a farewell visit, and wrote to Lloyd directing him how to find her on his arrival in Baltimore. In the same letter she acknowledged the letter from him just quoted, and endeavored to conceal her pride and interest in his literary efforts by warning him of the dangers and difficulties he was liable to encounter; but her exhortation ended with a blessing, and a request that he would bring his productions for her to read. This letter, which bears date June 3, 1823, was probably the last she ever wrote to him:

"Next, your turning Author. You have no doubt read and heard the fate of such characters, that they generally starve to death in some garret or place that no one inhabits; so you may see what fortune and luck belong to you if you are of that class of people. Secondly, you think your time was wisely spent while you was writing political pieces. I cannot join with you there, for had you been searching the scriptures for truth, and praying for direction of the holy spirit to lead your mind into the path of holiness, your time would have been far more wisely spent, and your advance to the heavenly world more rapid. But instead of that you have taken the Hydra by the head, and now beware of his mouth; but as it is done, I suppose you think you had better go and seek the applause of mortals. But, my dear L., lose not the favour of God; have an eye single to his glory, and you will not lose your reward." . . .

As soon after receiving the above letter as his master would release him, Lloyd embarked for Baltimore, where he landed, after a stormy and boisterous voyage of a fortnight, on the 5th of July. "You must imagine," he wrote to Mr. Allen, "my sensations on beholding a beloved mother after an absence of seven years. I found her in tears, but, O God, so altered, so emaciated, that I should never have recognized her, had I not known that there were none else in the room."

The next two or three weeks, during which Lloyd was able to remain with his mother, were precious to both, for they had many things to talk over before their final separation: Lloyd's prospects for the future; the mystery attending his father's disappearance; the recent death of his sister; and the possible fate of his wayward brother James, from whom nothing had been heard for years, and who was destined, poor waif! to be tossed and driven about the sea, suffering incredible hardships, for a dozen years longer, before he was finally discovered and rescued by his brother. After Lloyd parted from his mother she steadily sank, and finally passed away on the 3d of September, 1823.

With three exceptions, of trifling and unim-

portant verses, Lloyd wrote nothing for the "Herald" during the next year; but in June, 1824, he was moved by the publication of Timothy Pickering's "Review of John Adams's Letters to William Cunningham," to send two long communications to the Salem "Gazette," under the signature of "Aristides." These were highly eulogistic of Mr. Pickering, whose pamphlet in defense of himself against the attacks of Mr. Adams had caused a wide sensation, and led to an acrimonious war of words between the partisans of those venerable statesmen. Walsh's "National Gazette" of Philadelphia was the mouthpiece of the Adams party, while the Salem "Gazette" was understood to speak by authority for Mr. Pickering; and such was the interest in the discussion that raged for a time, that the letters of the Newburyport apprentice attracted much notice, and were believed to have come from a master hand. The controversy had an indirect bearing on the impending Presidential election, in which John Quincy Adams was a candidate, and the Pickering party aimed their darts at the son, therefore, quite as much as at the father. The youthful "Aristides," who four years later ardently advocated his reëlection, now joined in decrying him. His conception of the character of General Andrew Jackson was much more clear and accurate, and his next contribution to the "Gazette" was an open letter to that military chieftain, endeavoring to convince him of his utter unfitness for the office of President, and the hopelessness of his efforts to gain that position. This letter was forcible, dignified, and mature in thought and expression.

His remaining contributions to the "Gazette" were a series of six articles entitled "The Crisis," which appeared at intervals between the beginning of August and end of October, and discussed the political situation. The importance of united action on the part of the Federalists, now so largely in the minority, was emphasized, and their support of William H. Crawford for the Presidency in opposition to John Quincy Adams was strongly urged; but while "Aristides" had much to say in depreciation of the latter, he evidently knew very little of the former, and simply supported him because he was the candidate of the Pickering faction.

Aside from his great sorrow in the loss of his mother and sister, the last three years of Lloyd's apprenticeship were very happy years to him. Trusted by his master with the entire supervision of the printing-office, and with the editorial charge of the "Herald" when the former was absent; devoting his spare hours to reading and study; encouraged by the recognition of merit in his various essays at writing

for the press, and by the ready acceptance and insertion of his articles and communications; fond of social intercourse, and a universal favorite with his friends of both sexes; full of health, vigor, cheerfulness, and ambition; known and respected by all his townspeople as an exemplary and promising young man,—success in life seemed easily within his grasp. An oil portrait taken about this period by Swain, a local artist, represents him with a smooth face, abundant black hair, a standing collar, and ruffled shirt-bosom. His surviving associates, of that period speak with enthusiasm of his manly beauty and his popularity with the fair sex.

At one time Lloyd had a boyish desire to go to Greece and join the forces of the revolutionists against Turkish tyranny, and he also thought of seeking a military education at West Point. He was enthusiastic over Lafayette's visit to Newburyport, at the end of August, 1824, and was among the thousands who awaited his arrival late at night in a drenching rain. He used to narrate how Lafayette, who was deeply moved by the sight, begged the people, with tears in his eyes, not to longer expose themselves so for his sake, but to come

and shake him by the hand the next morning; and he was one of the multitude who availed themselves of that privilege.

On the 10th of December, 1825, he completed his apprenticeship of seven years and two months in the "Herald" office, and under the (as it subsequently appeared, mistaken) impression that the year of his birth was 1804, and that he had now attained his majority, he signalized the event by a fervid poem of eight stanzas, entitled "Twenty-one!"

He remained a few weeks longer in the "Herald" office, as a journeyman, and his last contribution to that paper bore, like his first, his bachelor *nom de guerre* (A. O. B.), and was devoted to a similar theme, being an "Essay on Marriage," which he discussed with the same affectation of cynicism as at first, declaring that "of all the conceits that ever entered into the brains of a wise man, that of marriage is the most ridiculous." And with this light and trivial conclusion to his boyish essays, he graduated from the office of the "Herald," and went forth to establish a paper of his own, and to see what place in the world he could now show himself able to fill.

*Francis Jackson Garrison.*

THE War Articles in THE CENTURY and the announcement of the new Life of Lincoln have

THE modern idea of increased interest in scope of territory the events which preceded occupancy of the aborigines and brought about the Civil War. These events are 1803, referring to the nowhere told more interesting than in two books purchase, he wrote: "recently published by THE CENTURY CO., the Life of William Lloyd Garrison, the Indians of the east by his children, mentioned in exchange for their in a preceding paragraph, open land-offices in the and "The Life and Times of this acquisition a meat Samuel Bowles." The London side instead of drawn *Times* says of the former: "The prime mover in the cause of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Abolition well deserved an exhaustive biography, and English literature can well afford to assign a permanent and honorable place to the description of a man who accomplished a great work, and whose right to figure among such men as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, and others, cannot to the possible demand for a moment be questioned."

The Garrison Life has received great praise on account of its mechanical beauties. The literary editor of the *North American*, of Philadelphia, says: "It is the unanimous verdict of this office that Mr. De Vinne has thrown into the shade all previous attempts at fine typography by the execution of this work." *Century Dec 1860*

ie hundred and sixty of far-away and vague would not be likely the Indian problem e easy delays of time

also, that the public conception of the extent the general geography person's Louisiana purring opinion dismissed worthless. The price of about a hundred of it have been carved States; but Mr. Jeffream what a bargain by a fear of Spain rec hat they regarded, so erned, a foolish trade. em the country that uriosity about it. In w little more of the n we know to-day of nifested no desire to rmed of its nature or i itself was an un north of St. Louis; the Missouri, the Osage, the Platte, the Ar-



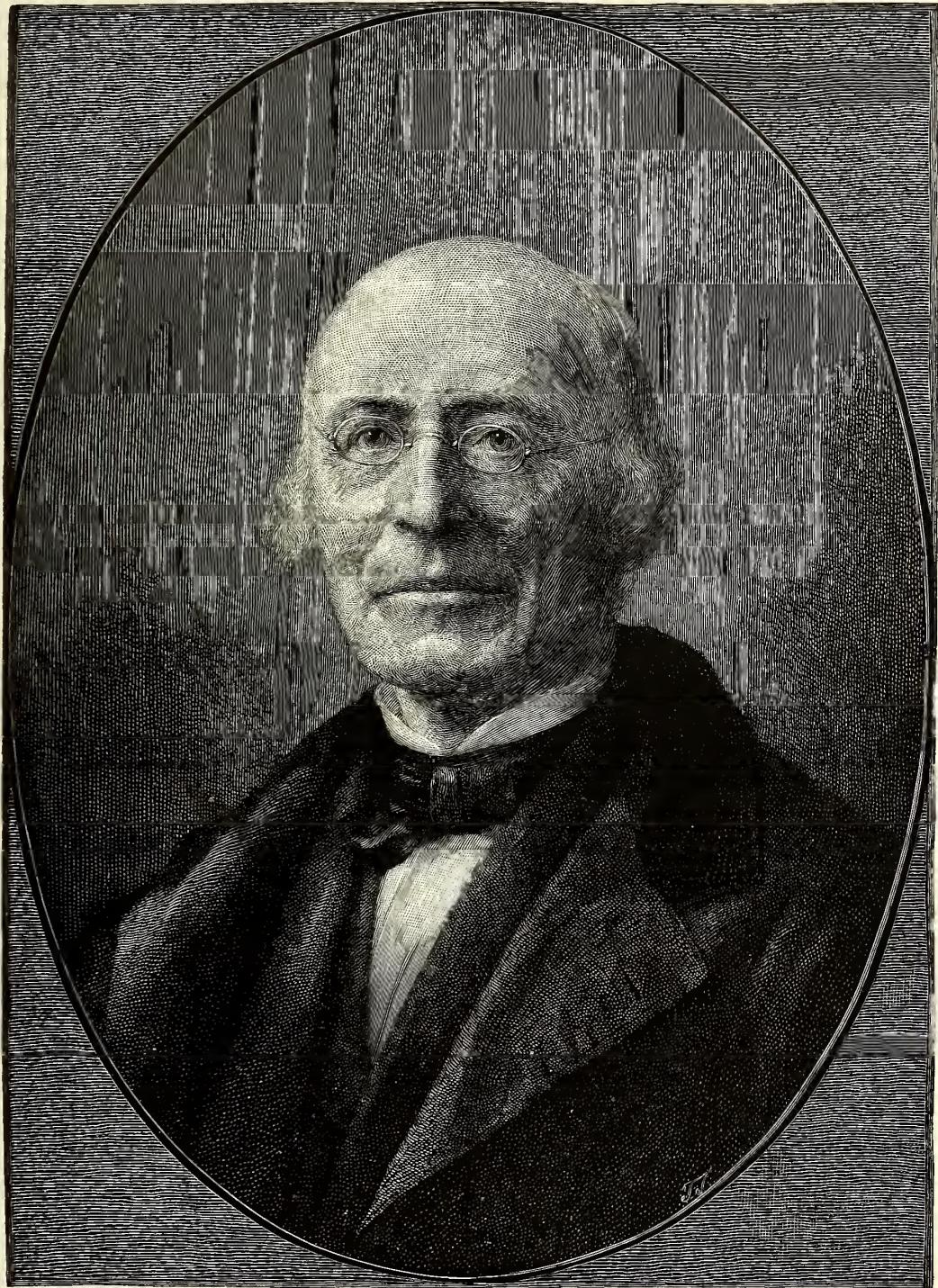
kansas were guess-work and trappers' rumors; the Rocky Mountains were but the shapeless talk of a man in his sleep. It was not until 1805 that Lieutenant Pike was sent to search "if haply he might find" the source of the Father of Waters. Not until 1806-7 did the first Americans, under this same intrepid officer, venture into what is now Kansas, which Pike declared mostly unfit for settlement or cultivation, and useful only as "a restriction of our population to certain limits, and thereby a continuation of the Union"; and to-day Kansas contains over a million of happy and prosperous people, and produces enough wheat alone in a single year to exceed the Jeffersonian cost of all Louisiana.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand that a proposal to utilize this immense and uncomprehended domain, deemed to be desert and extraneous, as an abiding-place for the Indians, met with little opposition. But negotiations to that end with the Indians progressed slowly, and the inauguration of the project was not brought about until 1830, when Congress enacted the law which has served us ever since as an excuse and a precedent in our real-estate transactions with the red man. The story from then until now is a familiar and significantly consistent one. Mr. Jefferson's lucky device can hardly be said to have operated at all times in a way to vindicate the Scriptures; but his prophecy has been amply fulfilled, after a fashion of its own; his far-reaching rhetoric, idly as he may have uttered it, has become history. The original intention of the law of 1830 applied only to the removal of tribes from the east of the Mississippi to a defined and distant portion of the Louisiana purchase; the contingency of having to disturb the occupancy of tribes already west of the Mississippi was thought of, if at all, as too remote and improbable for serious consideration. But the great river did not long check the migratory instinct of the white race. Pike's notion of restriction was soon proved to be a folly and a snare. The prairies enticed instead of repelling the restless argonauts who are forever going westward. Civilization laid claim to more and more room; the "removal" theory of extinguishing aboriginal land-titles, and at the same time smoothing the aboriginal pathway toward the setting sun, was gradually enlarged and quickened; and Mr. Jefferson's "range after range" of new States pushed the Indians on step by step, until at last, after fifty years, we find that almost the only Indian country proper is the corner first set apart in 1830, wherein are now congregated not only the wasting tribes originally sent there, but also most of the tribes, or subdued remnants of

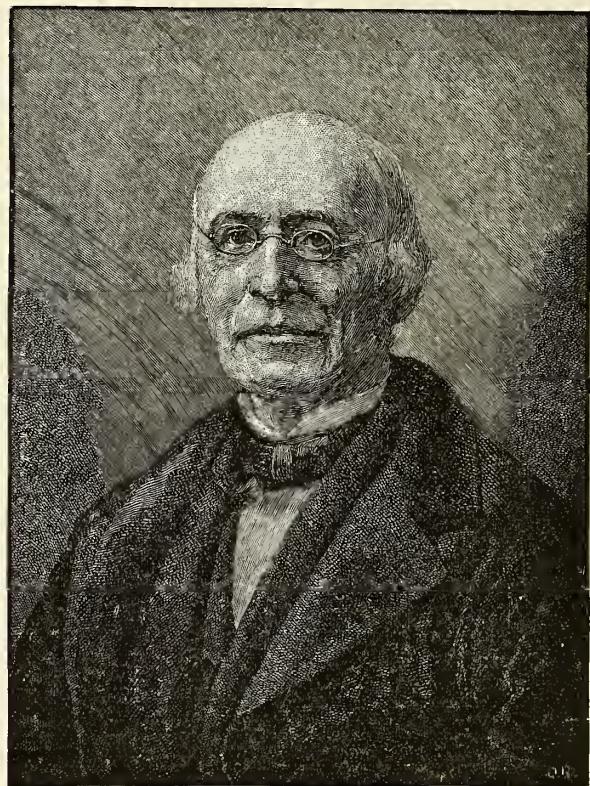
tribes, that once held sway over the whole empire of the Louisiana purchase.

This shrunken residue of the old dominion of the native race—known on the maps as the Indian Territory—is three hundred and eighty-two miles long and two hundred and eight miles wide, embracing about seventy thousand square miles. The character of the country is pleasing and diversified, with now and then a touch of the picturesque, the general effect being suggestive of a continuation and blending of Kansas and Texas, which adjoin it on the north and south. It is well supplied with rivers, so called; but, excepting the Arkansas and the Canadian, they are of little consequence beyond their convenience as boundary lines. Timber of good quality—ash, oak, pine, walnut, hickory, and cottonwood—abounds on most of the streams, and deposits of coal, iron, copper, and lead are said to exist in places. Salt is found plentifully, in springs and on the plains, and large quantities of it were obtained by the South during the War of the Rebellion. The best of the lands lie in the "bottoms"; in fact, it is safe to say that the agricultural possibilities of the Territory are chiefly confined to those localities. The soil of the uplands is thin and hard, as a rule, and pinched by drought. A thorough survey would probably divide the country into three nearly equal parts: one of more than average value for farming; one unreliable for cultivation, but admirably adapted to stock-grazing; and one practically worthless for any purpose. The climate is delightful, and suited to the growing of both northern and southern products. Grass remains green in the valleys all winter, there is rarely any snow or severely cold weather, and spring begins in February. Wild fruits, such as plums, grapes, and berries, thrive luxuriantly, and the wild flowers are among the most beautiful known to botany. It should be, from appearances, a very pleasant and healthy region to live in, but it is said that residents not born there are more or less subject to miasmatic and tubercular affections.

The Territorial lands are apportioned to the different tribes in specified districts or reservations, each tribe having a sort of supremacy over its own domain, subject to treaty stipulations with the United States. All lands are held in common, and titles in severalty are not known or authorized. Individuals are permitted to settle and remain upon particular premises, and their heirs may inherit the privilege after them; but it is a privilege only, and confers no vested right, nor does the privilege extend to members of other tribes, nor to intruding white men. The five civilized tribes, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the



Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATOR.



HE long struggle over slavery in the United States developed two characters which were a curious contrast to each other,—Calhoun and Garrison; the man who believed that slavery was divinely right, and who would sacrifice the Union to establish it, and the man who believed slavery eternally wrong, and who would sacrifice the Union to destroy it. Calhoun died ten years before the great war by which the long debate was at last ended; but to Garrison it was given to see the final triumph of freedom. History records no more impressive scene than that which took place after the fall of Charleston, when Garrison stood beside the grave of the great advocate of slavery. There were the victor and the vanquished. In these two men were embodied the opposing moral forces whose conflict had brought about the great struggle. The cause to which Calhoun's life had been devoted was overthrown at the cost of untold blood and treasure, and the conqueror stood gazing upon the tomb which held his dust.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in 1805, in Newburyport, Massachusetts. When he was only three years old, his father, who was a sailor, deserted his family, leaving his wife and two boys in great poverty. Lloyd learned the trade of printing, and when only twenty-one became editor of the Newburyport *Free Press*, in which the earliest productions of the poet Whittier were first published. He afterward edited the *National Philanthropist*, of Boston, devoted to temperance and other reforms, and a paper at Bennington, Vermont. The real work of his life, however, began in 1829, when he joined Benjamin Lundy in publishing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, in Baltimore.

Lundy was a gentle and mild-mannered Quaker, devoted to gradual emancipation and colonization. He had but little conception of the white heat which burned in Garrison's bosom, or of the conflagration which it would kindle in a country ruled by the slave power. The theory of gradual emancipation was contemptuously tolerated by the pro-slavery party, as it furnished a sort of safety-valve which kept agitation from reaching too high a pressure. When

Garrison joined Lundy, it was agreed that each should advocate his own principles, signing his initials to his articles. "Thus," says Goldwin Smith, "the *Genius* had two voices, of which one was by far the louder and clearer."

In his salutatory, Garrison declared for immediate and unconditional emancipation. This declaration could not fail to arrest attention in a city like Baltimore, which was the centre of slave-traffic, and where slave auctions and the shipment of cargoes of slaves were constantly going on. Every week the *Genius* had a column of slavery horrors, a large share of which occurred in Baltimore. One Sunday the two reformers were visited by a slave, who had just been flogged with a cowhide; his fault being that he had not loaded a wagon to suit the overseer. On his bleeding back they counted twenty-seven terrible gashes. Garrison noted that he frequently heard in passing houses the sound of the whip, and cries of anguish.

Garrison's engagement on the *Genius* was still recent when he got into trouble with a Mr. Todd, a merchant of his own town of Newburyport, who had allowed one of his ships to be freighted with slaves from Baltimore. Todd was denounced in a flaming editorial, for which Garrison was promptly sued. He was adjudged guilty of libel, and condemned to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs, amounting in all to about one hundred dollars. Not being able to pay the fine, he was sent to jail. His imprisonment, however, did not depress or discourage him. He was allowed to receive visitors, and had the free range of the prison. His friends outside, among them John G. Whittier, were more troubled than he himself. To their sympathetic letters he responded by contrasting his brief and mild captivity with the cruel and life-long captivity of the slaves; and he asked, if the oppression of one man excited so much sympathy, how much greater ought to be the sympathy excited by the far worse oppression of millions. After forty-nine days' imprisonment, Whittier was successful in securing the aid of Arthur Tappan, a wealthy merchant of New York, who paid Garrison's fine, and he was set free.

This episode brought the partnership of Garrison and Lundy to an end. Garrison went back to Massachusetts, and in 1830 began lecturing for the cause. But he soon had a chilling experience in the quarter where he might have expected warm sympathy. The churches of both Newburyport and Boston were closed against him; if the pastor was willing to open the door, the trustees, more careful of financial interests, were not. At Boston it was left for a society of avowed infidels to give the Christian lecturer the use of a hall for a cause in which they had no interest beyond their loyalty to freedom of opinion, and in support of which he appealed to the gospel which they rejected.

Garrison soon resolved to publish a paper of his own in support of immediate abolition,—a paper which should have but one voice, and that clear and unmistakable. His partnership with Lundy had convinced him that no gentle

and gradual measures would accomplish anything. Slavery was at the height of its power. Instead of gradual decay and extinction, which the framers of the constitution had anticipated, it had begun to dream of endless life and unlimited



A SLAVE HUNT.

extension. The people idolized the Union, which they believed to be the source of security, wealth, and power, and any threat of secession by the slave-holders was enough to bring to their knees those who regarded the Union as essential.

On Saturday, Janu-

ary 1st, 1831, appeared in Boston the first number of the *Liberator*. It was a small four-page paper, with four columns to the page, and was to be issued weekly. Garrison had not a dollar of capital. The paper was printed at first with borrowed type. His only helper was his old friend, Isaac Knapp, who had become his partner in the enterprise. The two did all the work of every kind. In the first issue they declared their determination to continue the paper as long as they had bread and water to live on. They did in fact live on bread and milk, with a little fruit and cakes bought in small shops near by.

Emancipation, immediate, unconditional, and without compensation, was the doctrine which the *Liberator*, as soon as it got fairly under way, began to preach. The utter wrongfulness and sinfulness of slavery was the basis of the movement, and in adopting it Garrison had grasped the certain assurance of ultimate victory.

The salutatory of the *Liberator* showed that its editor meant to speak out without restraint. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!"

The *Liberator*, in spite of the smallness of its circulation, soon told. The South was profoundly moved. The slaves, indeed, could not read; but the pictorial heading, which represented an auction at which "slaves, horses, and other cattle" were being offered for sale, and a whipping-post, at which a slave was being flogged, spoke only too plainly. In the background was the Capitol at Washington, with a flag inscribed "Liberty" floating over the dome. Vigilance associations took Garrison in hand. First came bloodthirsty editorials; then threats of lynching; then attempts to prevent by law the circulation of the *Liberator* at the South. The grand jury of North Carolina indicted Garrison for the circulation of "a paper of seditious tendency," the penalty for which was whipping and imprisonment for the first offense, and death for the second. The Assembly of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who, under the laws of that State, should arrest the editor, bring him to trial, and prosecute him to conviction.

In 1833 Garrison was sent to England by the Anti-Slavery Society. The act abolishing slavery in the West Indies was then before Parliament, and there was great public interest in the subject. Garrison was heartily received, and among other attentions paid him, was invited to breakfast by Buxton. When he entered, his host, instead of taking his hand at once, scanned him with a look of

surprise, and inquired with an accent of doubt whether he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison, of Boston. Being told that he had, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man! and I have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation from the United States of America." Garrison took this as a high compliment, since it implied a belief that no white American would plead as he had done for the slave.

On Garrison's return he was received as a traducer of his country, because of his utterances in England. A meeting to organize an Anti-Slavery Society in New York, for which he chanced to come in, was mobbed, and the Abolitionists driven from the hall. A threatening mob beset the *Liberator* office at Boston. But Garrison, in face of the storm, nailed his colors to the mast. "I speak the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense and paramount to all selfish considerations that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'Peace, peace' to her, but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon."

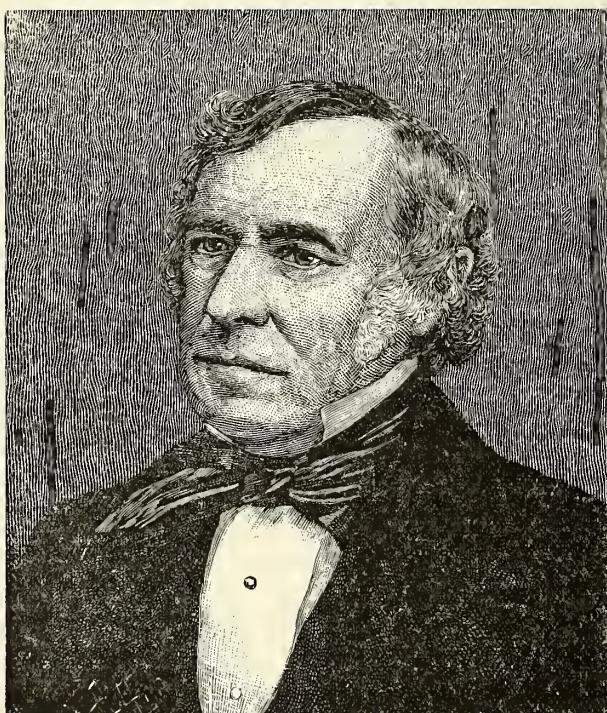
In October, 1833, a call was issued for a convention to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. The meeting-place was in Philadelphia, to which in the beginning of December the Abolitionists made their way, though many had to meet the difficulties of a slender purse. On the steamboat from New York Garrison got into conversation with a fellow-passenger on the subject of slavery. The stranger was most favorably impressed by Garrison's exposition, and said that if all Abolitionists were as fair and reasonable as he there would be less opposition to the enterprise. "But, sir, depend upon it, that hare-brained, reckless fanatic, Garrison, will damage if he does not shipwreck any cause." "Allow me, sir," said a fellow-delegate, the Rev. S. J. May, "to introduce you to Mr. Garrison."

#### THE ERA OF MOB LAW.

In 1834, George Thompson, a famous English anti-slavery lecturer, with whom Garrison had formed an alliance in England, was brought over to the United States to assist in the crusade. Thompson was a most eloquent man, and had done good service to the cause in his own country. The arrival of the "British emissary," and his appearance on the anti-slavery platform in New England, where he did not fail to show his power, inflamed the popular wrath to fury. The result was a riot, got up, not by a rabble, but by "men of property and standing," in Boston, who were determined "to put a stop to the impudent, bullying conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his associates in mis-

chief!" Thompson was expected to speak at a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. Fortunately he was not there; had he fallen into the hands of the mob, it is certain he would have been tarred and feathered, and not unlikely that he would have been lynched. Missing their intended victim, the mob laid violent hands on Garrison, tore his clothes off his back, and dragged him through the streets with a rope round his body. He was rescued from his enemies by Mayor Lyman, who saw no other way to place him in safety than to send him to prison, to which he was accordingly consigned, the crowd surging fiercely round the flying carriage.

In 1845 the triumph of slavery seemed complete. The annexation of



ZACHARY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT IN 1849-'50.

Taylor was not allowed to sit at the tables of the hotels, and for two days hardly tasted food. The clergy were generally hostile. Sometimes places for meetings could hardly be found; but at other places great crowds attended, and listened with respect and sympathy.

The next episode in Garrison's life was pleasant. George Thompson, now an M. P., ventured over again from England. He was charged to present a testimonial to Garrison, in the shape of a gold watch, commemorating the twenty years of the *Liberator's* life. In acknowledgment, Garrison said:—

"Mr. President, if this were a rotten egg" (holding up the watch) "or a

Texas, as fresh slave territory, was accomplished, and a war of conquest against Mexico was soon begun. In 1847, Garrison, accompanied by Frederick Douglass, the famous negro orator, traveled in the West. When seated in the cars, Douglass was ordered by a white man, who had a lady with him, to "get out of that seat." He quietly replied that he would give up the seat if asked in a civil manner; whereupon the white man seized him, dragged him violently out of the seat, and when Douglass protested, threatened to knock his teeth down his throat. At Harrisburg, the mob, having heard that a "nigger" was to lecture, greeted them with brickbats, fire-crackers, and rotten eggs. Doug-

brickbat, I should know how to receive it." (Laughing and cheers.) "If these cheers were the yells of a frantic mob seeking my life, I should know precisely how to behave. But the presentation of this valuable gift is as unexpected by me as would be the falling of the stars from the heavens ; and I feel indescribably small before you in accepting it. A gold watch! Why, I have been compensated in this cause a million times over! In the darkest hour, in the greatest peril, I have felt just at that moment that it was everything to be in such a cause."

In 1854 the slavery question became the foremost political issue. From thenceforth no agitation was needed to keep it before the country ; and as Garrison no longer stood alone in denouncing slavery, his position became more tolerable. When Lincoln was elected, and the secession movement began, Garrison welcomed the dissolution of the Union, which he had called "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," in the language of Scripture, because the Constitution recognized and protected slavery. "Now, then," said Garrison, "let there be a convention of the Free States called to organize an independent government on free and just principles ; let the South take the public property on which it has laid piratical hands, let it take even the capital if it will, and depart in peace to organize its own confederation of violence and tyranny." But he had scarcely penned the words when all thought of peaceful separation was swept away by the torrent of public wrath evoked by the firing on Fort Sumter.

Whatever the professions of the Government might be, the war was practically a war against slavery. While it was a war for the Union only, Garrison stood aloof ; nor till it manifestly became a war against slavery was his sympathy declared. Even then he seemed to feel that his position needed explanation ; and he humorously said that when he called the Union "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he had not foreseen that death and hell would secede. After emancipation he heartily supported President Lincoln. He was a conspicuous figure on that memorable occasion in Boston when Andrew, the great "war governor" of Massachusetts, put the colors into the hands of Colonel Shaw, the devoted young commander of the first negro regiment, who fell while leading his regiment in the assault on Fort Wagner. After the close of the war, when the thirteenth amendment, abolishing slavery, was passed, he felt that the long contest was at an end. He resolved to cease the publication of the *Liberator*, and retire to private life. "Most happy am I," he said, "to be no longer in conflict with the mass of my fellow-countrymen on the subject of slavery. For no man of any refinement or sensibility can be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-men, if it be rightly earned."

Most touching and inspiring was the strain of praise and thanksgiving with which he concluded the *Liberator* :—

"Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God, ye who have so long and

so untiringly participated in all the trials and vicissitudes of that mighty conflict ! Having sown in tears, now reap in joy. Hail, redeemed, regenerated America ! Hail, North and South, East and West ! Hail, the cause of peace, of liberty, of righteousness, thus mightily strengthened and signally glorified ! . . . Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains, in your flight to obtain deliverance from the house of bondage, branded and scorned as a connecting link between the human race and the brute creation ! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, ‘made of one blood,’ interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny ! Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, and tune your harps anew, singing, ‘Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ! just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints !’ . . .

The evening of Garrison’s life was as peaceful as its prime had been stormy. He was a frequent contributor to periodicals, and he took a keen interest in political affairs, especially in all measures affecting the black race. His work had won for him many devoted friends, both in America and England, in whose society his leisure was happily spent.

He died in New York on May 24, 1879, and was buried in Boston.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON MONUMENT, OLD BENNINGTON, VT. 31



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